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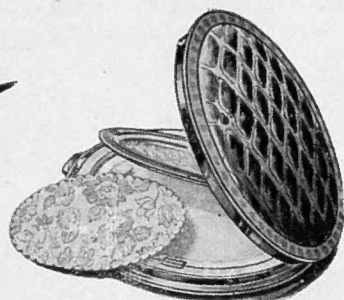
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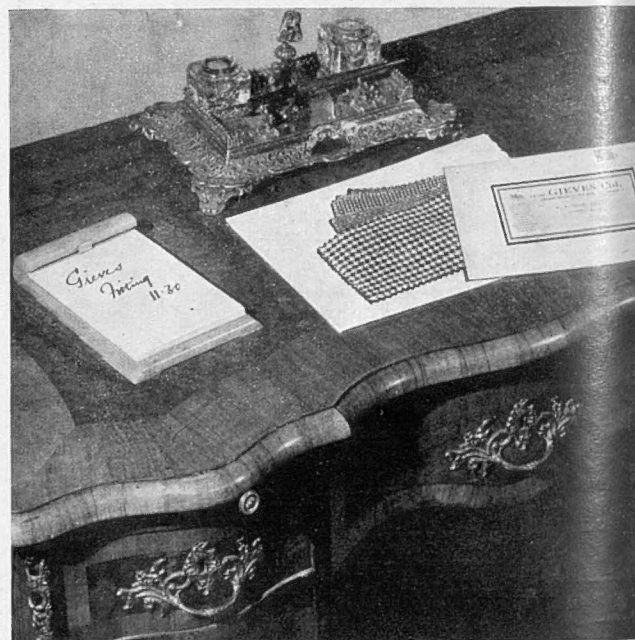
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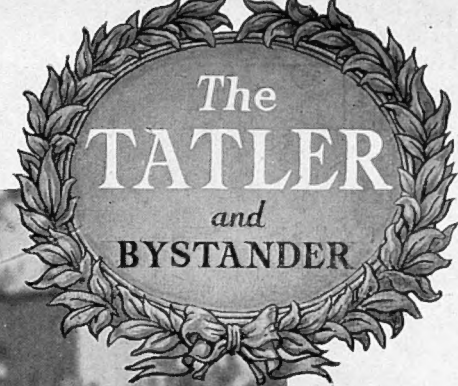
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THE IMPATIENT PACK clamours to be off. With them are the Master, Mr. A. G. Acton Pierce, and First Whip, Mr. A. M. Rogers, of the West Surrey and Horsell Beagles, whose recent meet at Effingham is pictured on pages 204-5. Beagles, of which these are fine examples, are about half the average size of their relative, the foxhound, are speedy, quick on the turn and terrierlike in "uncovering." They are also—note the keen fellow in the foreground—fully aware of the correct pose to strike when they see a photographer



Margherita Carosio, prima donna of La Scala, Milan, acknowledging applause at the Albert Hall where she recently took part in a Sunday afternoon concert with the London Symphony Orchestra. She sang arias by Verdi, Puccini, Bellini and Donizetti, and afterwards was unable to reach her changing-room because of the admirers who thronged the corridors

Some Portraits in Print

IF anyone would wish to know—as if they would!—how Alice must have felt when lost in Wonderland, I strongly commend a visit such as mine to the L.C.C.'s County Hall on the Embankment.

"There were doors all round the hall, but they were all locked, and when Alice had been all the way down one side and up the other, trying every door, she walked sadly down the middle, wondering how she was ever to get out again."

As I myself was walking sadly down the middle I came upon a door in no way connected with the original purpose of my visit, found it unlocked, walked in and came away with a document I have long sought—a list of those plaques they put up on London's buildings of "historical interest," so often too high for one to read from the pavement.

It is a highly correct list, a trifle suggestive of how Madame Tussaud's catalogue might read if the waxworks were ever nationalised. The impression it leaves is that the authorities have a lot of leeway to make up.

You would imagine, for instance, that among the candidates "proposed for erection" would be a considerable number of present-century figures. This is scarcely the case, with both Pepys and George Eliot still jostling for places with Richard Arkwright and the artist Rowlandson.

A plaque (or tablet) proposed in Robert Street, Adelphi, is but a melancholy reminder of a vanished London. ("No. 1-3 Robert Adam, Sir James Barrie, John Galsworthy, Thomas Hood, Temple Thurston and Joseph Pennell.") Another proposal is for 114 Cambridge Street, where Aubrey Beardsley

lived, while John Galsworthy's house in Hampstead Grove also is listed as a candidate.

There are altogether 171 of these plaques on the walls of London houses, some merely marking the site of the original buildings but for the most part still set in the bricks and mortar which once encased the person commemorated.

The war casualties are not as heavy as I would have thought: one of Disraeli's houses, that in Theobald's Road (the other honoured is in Curzon Street, a house being converted to flats), Darwin's house in Gower Street, Delane's house in Serjeant's Inn and Byron's in Bennet Street. Altogether only about a dozen totally demolished.

It all depends, as the professor says, on what you mean by "historical interest."

THE recent war should provide some promising candidates from the period immediately before D-Day, e.g. the French underground operating from that house in Hill Street and the D-Day plans being pondered in Norfolk House, St. James's Square. The invading Canadians and Americans might like to set their seal on the walls of many odd London buildings (certainly the Americans have already done so on the Grosvenor Chapel in South Audley Street).

One might carry the idea further than merely commemorating heroes and heroines: why not a few villains, or characters not usually found in school history books? "Crippen Sliced Her In Pieces Here" in Hildrop Crescent. Or perhaps "Arthur Roberts Told Some of His Drollest Stories In The Saloon Bar Here 1888-1926."

We are so conservative with the names of our streets that a little enlargement of mural instruction might be welcome.

ONE plaque that many of us would dearly like to see would commemorate a character who leaps to life when November lays its fogs on London, the fire burns cosily and, perhaps, a rare clip-clopping comes down the street. "Make yourself at home, Watson, the cigarettes are behind the clock on the mantelpiece."

The difficulty about a plaque for Mr. Sherlock Holmes is that Conan Doyle said quite clearly that his house had a bow window. Baker Street has never had any bow windows, or certainly not for a century or so, when it was a road through green fields.

Yet this trifling handicap has not prevented one earnest Sherlockian from attempting to prove that No. 109 was the Holmes residence, and reinforcing his argument with street plans, including the mews leading to the empty house from which—as you will remember—Watson and Holmes watched the shooting of the latter's wax effigy in the window opposite by Colonel Moran.

The mews are now called "Sherlock Mews." Beyond that the house of Holmes remains a mystery.

Give him a couple of hundred years or so, and a world sunk again into agreeable superstition, and there may yet be statues of the great man and Baconian-like debate on his paternity. Even to-day we have seen some esoteric little groups in the United States, one being the "Baker Street Irregulars."

CHARLES DICKENS has no fewer than four plaques dedicated to him in London, and might have a dozen more if the task were taken earnestly in hand. The four are in Doughty Street, Devonshire Terrace, Johnson Street and on the walls of the Prudential in Holborn.

The house in Devonshire Terrace, Marylebone, probably saw him at his most prolific, for from his study there came *David Copperfield*, *Martin Chuzzlewit*, *A Christmas Carol*. But where he was when he wrote a book that has just come into my hand I do not yet know.

This is *Captain Boldheart**, a story which he appears to have written in 1868 for an American publisher and of which an edition most delightfully illustrated in colour has just made its appearance in the bookshops. The publisher was possibly the *Atlantic Monthly*, and the story—a short one—was afterwards printed in *All The Year Round*. It is usually grouped with the "Holiday Romance" stories.

Two things can be deduced from a reading of *Captain Boldheart*; that Robert Louis Stevenson probably enjoyed it; and also James Barrie. If so, it must have an attraction for Scots, for the present illustrator—Robert Stewart Sherriffs—is a Scot and was apparently brought up on the charming little tale.

If the opening of *Captain Boldheart* is not Barrie and Stevenson, combined, I will eat my glengarry:—

"The subject of our present narrative would appear to have devoted himself to the Pirate profession at a comparatively early age. We find him in command of a splendid schooner of one hundred guns loaded to the muzzle, ere yet he had had a party in honour of his tenth birthday.

"...seems that our hero, considering himself spoiled by a Latin-Grammar-Master, demanded the satisfaction due from one man of honour to another. Not getting it, he privately withdrew his naughty spirit from such low company, bought a second-hand pocket pistol, folded up some sandwiches in a paper bag, made a bottle of liquorice-water and entered on a career of villainy."

I think Stevenson wins on the pirate's song. "Fifteen men on a dead man's chest" is a more robust jingle than the Boldheart's timid one:

O landmen are folly!
O Pirates are jolly!
O Diddledum Dolly
Di—Heave Ho!

But then *Treasure Island* came some years later.

THIS Dickens anticipation of the Peter Pan theme is a notable addition (as far as I am concerned) to the list of little known Dickens names.

I think off-hand of Mrs. Anne Chickentalker, the Reverend Crisparkle and Sempronius Gattleton.

His fertility of invention seems inexhaustible. I should like to hear a public quiz on the identity of some of the characters. Snittle Timberly is, I know, from *Nicholas Nickleby*, but where came one that sticks in the mind—Juliana McStinger?

Now I come to think of it, Charles Dickens, who was long in what then passed as the Press Gallery at Westminster, might have had some fun with some of our M.P.s names to-day.

Indeed, he might have had fun all round.

No political intrusion has yet marred the serenity of these columns, but I have been wondering this: should not the eight-hour day be strictly enforced in the House of Commons? Would it not be more correct if Members themselves set the example in a matter so many of them earnestly enjoin upon their followers?

—Gordon Beckles

**Captain Boldheart*, by Charles Dickens. Illustrated by Robert Stewart Sherriffs (Herbert Jenkins Ltd., 8s. 6d.)

TO A PRUDENT WIFE

Abstain fond wife from saving up
Brown paper, large or small
Or old or new
(Or green or blue)
Or any sort at all.
Our seven chests-of-drawers are stuffed,
Our seven cupboards jammed;
My old plus fours
Are hung outdoors
Because my wardrobe's crammed.

Desist fond wife from rolling up
These constant bits of string—
Short bits or long
Or thin or strong
Or tape or anything.
No vase exists which is not full,
No bowl without its coil;
Our china pots
Are choked with knots,
Our kettle will not boil.

But quite apart from space, fond wife,
What's the collection for?
Nobody sends
Ten thousand friends
Four parcels each, or more.
There is no wealth in all this world
Could buy what these could wrap,
So cease these hoards,
Let loose these cords;
Let scraps, fond wife, be scrap.

—Justin Richardson



TWO SOLID SILVER PLATES, heavily gilt, have been presented by Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh to Westminster Abbey for ceremonial use. The plates, shown above, bear the inscription on the rims: "Given to Westminster Abbey by Their Royal Highnesses Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh to mark the occasion of their Wedding on 20th November, 1947"



A. E. MATTHEWS, whose perennial vitality is a miracle of the stage to-day, is depicted by Emmwood as that portent of doom to rabbits, the Earl of Lister, in *The Chiltern Hundreds*, William Douglas-Home's comedy now in its second year at the Vaudeville. A Yorkshireman, and son of one of the original Christy Minstrels, he started as call-boy at the Princess's Theatre in 1886, and has brought over from the nineteenth century to the twentieth a style which sets a standard of achievement for younger actors, and a robustness which survives with ease transition to the screen



The Fatuous Photographer Hjalmar Ekdal (Anton Walbrook) tells his father Old Ekdal (Miles Malleon) to show Hedvig's pet duck to the long-haired visitor Gregers Werle (Robert Harris). Unaware of the tragedy Werle will bring upon the household, Gina Ekdal (Fay Compton) tranquilly continues her embroidery, watched by the ill-starred Hedvig (Mai Zetterling)

Anthony Cookman

[Illustration
by Tom Titt]

At The Theatre

"The Wild Duck" (St. Martin's)

THE primary business of the drama is to entertain, and its chief modern ornament is Ibsen." I remember a lecture which began thus; and the titter of the students apparently took the lecturer by surprise.

It remains the general idea of the great Norwegian's plays that they are nowhere to go for a laugh. Henry James in 1891, was, for once, quite of the average mind when he wrote: "There is nothing very droll in the world, I think, to Dr. Ibsen; and nothing is more interesting than to see how he makes up his world without a joke." But James had seen few of Ibsen's plays acted. Those few, I suspect, had not been acted very well.

WE order these things better nowadays. We do not act him very much, not nearly enough, but we do know how to do it. Proof awaits us at the St. Martin's Theatre—proof provided by Mr. Michael Benthall and a group of players responding brilliantly to his direction. We are there shown that *The Wild Duck* is as exquisitely comic as it is exquisitely pathetic.

Mr. Benthall sees the mood of the play as tragi-comedy, and his players keep the two elements perfectly in balance. Almost up to the moment of Hedvig's pitiful death we are laughing at the talkative egoist who has happily supposed her to be his

daughter. Now he knows better, and as a man of honour he must expiate his wife's dishonouring sin of long ago.

HE would leave home at once, go out into the night and cast himself on the blind storms of the world, if only he could find his hat! Mr. Anton Walbrook remains a ludicrous figure to the last; but so light and sure is his acting that it never for a moment weakens the pathos of his story. He is seedy, selfish, ridiculous, hopelessly dependent on his wife, he is really nothing but a tongue wagging in a vacuum; yet we are sorry for him.

It is not, after all, his fault that the fool's paradise in which he made shift to live happily has crumbled at the touch of truth. Or only in the sense that it was wrong to suppose himself utterly dependent on things which might prove to be fiction. But for the idealism and missionary zeal of his friend Gregers Werle the fiction might have lasted his time.

OF all the difficult parts in this play that of Gregers is the most difficult. He meddles in other people's affairs not because he is an odious fool but because truth with him is the supreme consideration. He is patiently just, patiently well meaning; and his meddling has terrible consequences. He is indeed the preacher in Ibsen being told by the humanist: "Ah yes, we are mighty fine

fellows, we preachers, but see what harm we do!"

Mr. Robert Harris plays the part, and I have never before seen it played so persuasively. There is the positive quality of personality that exactly suits Gregers, and there is at the same time, plain to see, the quality of dependence, the need for heroes to worship, that must be suggested if the man is not to appear invulnerably self-sufficient. Mr. Harris gives us the armour and shows us where the chinks are.

YET the highlight of the evening is the Hedvig of Miss Mai Zetterling, a performance of the greatest beauty and delicacy. This is no instance of a child being happily cast for a part but a deeply moving interpretation of childhood by a young actress. On the lowest plane of sordid domestic realism and on the heights of moral tragedy she moves without a single faltering step.

Miss Fay Compton is splendidly loyal to author and producer, transforming herself into a domestic drudge on whom the light of an old, half-forgotten romance falls with an incongruity which turns to bitter comedy its power to lose her the silly, helpless husband she has grown to love. Mr. Miles Malleon is equally well content to play a second fiddle, and also plays it, as Old Ekdal, with the utmost accomplishment.

Freda Bruce Lockhart

[Decorations
by Hoffnung]

At The Pictures

Books of the Films

"WOULD I rather go on watching a film than emerge into a December fog, trudge through the rain to my club, and yawn while retired gynaecologists swap stories older than the Womb of Time? In that case the film is a good one."

Readers of THE TATLER may recognize this useful definition made in 1941 by my eminent predecessor James Agate. I was grateful to discover it this week in the new volume of his TATLER film articles: *Around Cinemas: 2nd Series* (Home and Van Thal, 18s.); grateful for the book whose gaiety and wit has helped to enliven a black week at the pictures; and grateful to be able to invoke Agate's authority on which to dismiss all the week's five new films with distaste; for my answer to the question would in each case be an honest NO.

Best of the five is *An Act of Murder* (Leicester Square Theatre), a problem-picture of mercy-killing. The problem is stated with admirable seriousness and framed in the devoted family of Judge Calvin Cooke (Fredric March), a stickler for the letter of the law until he learns that his own wife is dying of an incurable disease. There are splendid and appealing performances from Mr. March, from Florence Eldridge as the judge's wife, from Geraldine Brooks as their daughter, and from Stanley Ridges and Will Wright as medical and legal friends of the family. Here is an American family circle in which it is perfectly possible to believe.

WHAT is illegitimate is to harrow the audience with a painfully realistic and detailed presentation of the symptoms, diagnosis, treatment and development of the woman's distressing disease. To my mind this is just not fitting matter for entertainment. Nor is the treatment profound enough to lever it to the level of art.

For the issue is burked at the end by a well-meaning but muddled verdict which strains at subtleties of moral guilt and legal innocence but swallows whole one actual and one attempted suicide.

If *An Act of Murder* is almost unbearable to watch, the remaining four new films hardly bear writing about. The distinguished names of Walter Wagner, producer, and Fritz Lang, director, perhaps call for a warning word against *Secret Beyond the Door* (New Gallery and Tivoli) where Joan Bennett is an oversexed Fatima and Michael Redgrave a schizophrenic Bluebeard, with a domineering sister

(that fine actress Anne Revere) a repressed secretary (Barbara O'Neil) and a locked room in what must be the largest house in New England—thanks to his habit of adding scenes of murder as new wings.

Up in Central Park (Odeon, Marble Arch), in which Deanna Durbin gets caught up in the crooked New York political machine, was shown to the Press on the day of the 1948 American Presidential elections: a tactless notion of topicality I thought, especially as Miss Durbin would obviously prefer the crook (Vincent Price) who can fix her up in opera to Dick Haymes who only croons. The general atmosphere is as bright as the December fog to which Mr. Agate suggested a film should be preferable.

River Lady, a slow show-boat saloon story in pretty Technicolor (in the same programme as Joan Bennett) and *Larceny* (in the programme with Durbin) are frank, second features of a kind unfamiliar and unwelcome in the West End.

WHILE films decline to this abysmal level, by-products of the film factories continue to multiply: gramophone records (of music written surely not to be noticed), art exhibitions like Oliver Messel's designs now at the Leicester Gallery for *The Queen of Spades* and shelves of books of, on and around films.

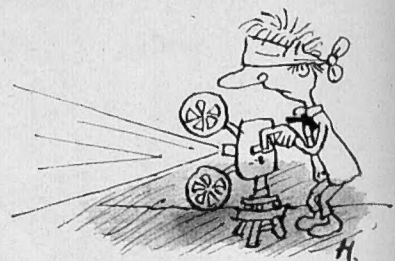
During this pictorially depressing week I have been consoled by a package of such books. Publication of "The Book of the Film" is of course a dangerous practice; so often the book is what it says; not the book of, for example Tolstoy or Dickens, but an attempt to teach film fans reading without tears.

Quartet (Heinemann, 9s. 6d.) is an enlightened innovation in this field: Somerset Maugham's own publishers present his four original short stories, side by side with their screenplays by R. C. Sherriff; which should encourage filmgoers to read and readers to study the art of screen-writing.

Two handsome illustrated volumes, *The Soviet Cinema and Fifty Years of German Film* (The Falcon Press, 12s. 6d. each) would be more useful if each had an index. Also the social-political treatment of both seems guilty, by sins in the one case of omission, in the other of commission, of less than the lofty impartiality we might expect from a series introduced by a leading light of the British Film Academy.



Michael Redgrave involved in murder ("Secret Beyond the Door")



"A black week at the pictures"

Pick of the bunch, however, must be the book with which I began: James Agate's *Around Cinemas*. For myself it cannot but be at once a stimulating and a chastening experience, excellent for humility. How can I comment without impertinence on the marvellous survival value of these fittest of fugitive pieces written, their author insists, only to be read at the hairdressers. I could of course go on quoting gems like his timeless comment on a British costume picture: "The other characters all look as if they had got into their clothes in Wardour Street and then taken a Green Line bus"—to the Doone Valley in that case but it might have been Glenfinnan. Doubtless I could in that way evoke many nostalgic memories; but at my own peril of emphasizing the gulf between these elegant essays and mere film criticism.

AGATE's virtuosity in writing a fascinating piece about anything except the film in question was proverbial and *Around Cinemas* is well named. But what must strike anybody reading these criticisms in a bunch is the solid foundation of sound judgment on which he played such dazzling cadenzas.

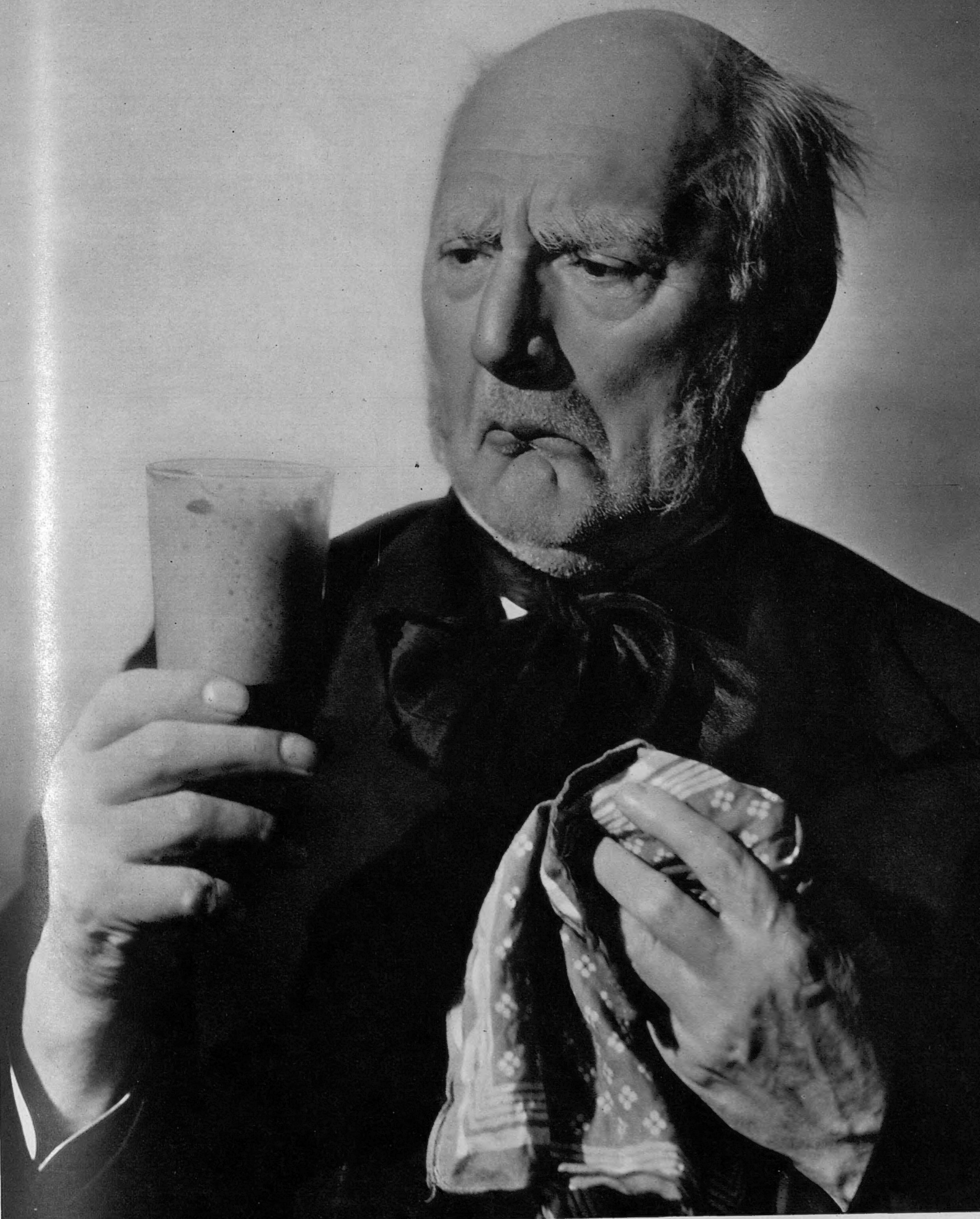
Perhaps his judgment seems sound to me because my own—as in a lifelong passion for *Little Women*—so often echoes them. But he understood the importance of going to the cinema for pleasure, even if what it too often provides is matter for mockery. He was baffled, as I still often am, by the elementary stupidity of directors in allowing characters to look so alike that it is often difficult to tell which young woman—or young man—is which. He recognized Chaplin, Jannings, and Veidt or Dietrich, Garbo, Lillian Gish and Bette Davis, as in a class apart among film stars whom he could acknowledge as actors.

Almost alone among his colleagues he saw the real point of Lubitsch's witty wartime farce, *To Be or Not To Be*.

PERHAPS the most characteristic review reproduced in *Around Cinemas* is Agate on Garbo's *Camille*, characteristic of his digressions, his passion for Sarah Bernhardt and his generous appreciation of a star he admired. Most of the article of course is about Bernhardt; but a single temperate, concluding sentence was probably the highest praise Garbo's *Camille* received from any critic: "Perhaps it is permissible for a critic who has seen more performances of the play than some of his colleagues number years to say that Miss Garbo's portrayal of a classic part is very good indeed."

No, all I can say is that these comments on eighteen years of filmgoing are as fresh to-day as when they began. Now I have the book beside me, I fancy I shall again be invoking Agate's authority to lend weight to my own prejudices and blind spots. And *Around Cinemas* has an index: with a special section for Sarah Bernhardt.

MOORE MARRIOTT as Uncle Pentstemon in the John Mills production for Two Cities of H. G. Wells's *The History of Mr. Polly*. Moore Marriott who has appeared in more than 300 films, came out of retirement at John Mills's special request to play his latest rôle, a character of whom Wells wrote: "Uncle Pentstemon was rather a shock... an aged rather than venerable figure. Time had removed the hair from the top of his head and distributed a small dividend of the plunder in little bunches carelessly and impartially over the rest of his features..."—a character fully materialized by Moore Marriott, plus make-up. The cast of *Mr. Polly* also includes Sally Ann Howes, Finlay Currie, Megs Jenkins, Diana Churchill, Betty Ann Davies and Edward Chapman.





Early arrivals on the lawn of Lynwood House, where a hunt breakfast was given by the host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Kingham. On the right is the hon. secretary, Mr. R. C. B. Hendy, next to him the Master, Mr. A. G. Acton Pierce, and in the centre is Mr. Kingham

A DAY WITH THE WEST SURREY BEAGLES

FIRST formed in 1882, and thus one of the oldest packs in the country, the West Surrey and Horsell Beagles recently held an enjoyable meet at Lynwood House, Effingham Common. Failing to start anything in the nearby meadows, they moved on through Effingham village to the golf course and then to Ranmore Common, near Dorking, a notable beauty-spot. But as it was new territory for the pack, it was late afternoon before there was any excitement.

Owing to scarcity of feeding-stuffs, the pack has been reduced from seventeen couples before the war to ten and a half couples, but in spite of such handicaps the sport is becoming very popular, especially with the younger people, for many of whom fox-hunting is prohibitive. The country covered by the West Surrey is grass and arable, fairly open, and is bounded by Dorking, Chobham, Chessington and Horsham. Part of it is also hunted by the Surrey Union



Moving off, with the beagles nicely packed and the followers keeping a good distance behind. The day's sport that followed was largely an exploration of new ground

Photographs by
Tasker, Press Illustrations



Having drawn blank at the top of one meadow, the pack comes down to try its luck in another. Meanwhile, the Master leads the way through the barbed wire



Miss Josephine Kingham and Miss Gillian Symes, two of the followers, discuss prospects



Miss Barbara Oxley, Miss Elizabeth Bristow and Miss Jessica Harrold have "one for the road"



Mr. H. E. Wyer, a Joint-Master from 1912 to 1923, and Mrs. Wyer are offered sandwiches by Mrs. Kingham



Rare and fascinating pets, Mr. Kingham's tame badgers April and Jenny show their affection for their master



Mr. A. M. Rogers, the first whip, talking to Mrs. Gordon Wade over a refreshing glass



Mrs. A. G. Acton Pierce, wife of the Master, shares a joke with Mr. C. Henry



The Luncheon Party at the U.S. Embassy, when Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill met Mr. George C. Marshall, Secretary of State. Standing are the Ambassador, Mr. Lewis W. Douglas, Mrs. Douglas and their elder son, Mr. James Douglas. Sitting; left to right, Mr. George Marshall, Mrs. Churchill, Mrs. James Douglas, Miss Sharman Douglas, Mrs. Marshall and Mr. Churchill. Centre of attraction is Reggie, the Douglas household-pet

Jennifer writes

HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

Court News: I hear that Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh's baby is to be christened at Sandringham. Sandringham, perhaps more than anywhere else, is home to the Royal family, and especially to His Majesty the King, who has always had a strong sentimental attachment to his own birth-place. It was for this reason, as well as for the bracing tonic qualities of the fresh Norfolk air, that, before the birth of the Princess's baby, it was decided that she and her child should move direct to Sandringham from Buckingham Palace as soon as the doctor in attendance would allow.

Thus it is the little Royal church on the King's estates, whose regular worshippers are the men and women tenants of his lands, and the keepers, gardeners, estate workers and their wives, and not the tiny semi-circular Royal chapel at Windsor Castle, which will be the setting for the Royal christening. Though there is decidedly more space in the Sandringham church, the

King has ruled, I understand, that there is to be no relaxation of the custom of complete privacy for the christening service, which will almost certainly be conducted by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

SANDRINGHAM Church, where the King and Queen and members of the Royal family worship regularly when they are in Norfolk, has all the charm of a country church, combined with something of the splendour to be expected in a place of Royal associations. The high vaulted roof is elaborately carved and gilded, the east window is of particularly beautiful stained glass, and the altar screen is unique. Of solid silver, moulded with a representation of a Biblical scene, it was a gift from the late Mr. Pierpont Morgan to his friend King Edward VII.

The King and Queen have planned to go down to Sandringham with the Princess, her husband and the baby, which means that the Royal "little season" ends this year

rather longer before Christmas than usual. But the Court will have to return to town earlier than usual in the New Year, to enable final arrangements to be made for the coming tour of New Zealand and Australia and for the holding of the two Presentation Parties on January 19th and January 20th.

ONE of the most brilliant Royal diplomatic functions of its kind that London has seen for a long time was the inaugural party given by Sir Oliver Goonetilleke, the High Commissioner for Ceylon in London, to mark the establishment of the London offices of the new independent member State of the British Commonwealth. The King and Queen each wore the Garter, and with her full crinoline-skirted evening gown of brocade the Queen wore a magnificent tiara and necklace of diamonds. Splendid jewels glittered in the corsage of many of the women guests, and nearly every man wore a string of decorations, mostly earned for the work which has led to Ceylon's independence.

There were many saris, in white and pastel shades, two of the loveliest being those worn by the High Commissioner's daughters, who, with their father, received the King and Queen in the red-carpeted hall of No. 25, Grosvenor Square, where Sir Oliver has set up his offices. Mr. Senanayake, Prime Minister of Ceylon, was another conspicuous figure. Guests found refreshments being served in three or four different rooms, and there is no doubt that Ceylon has set the other Dominions a very high standard indeed in the way of entertaining.

ANOTHER of the annual functions of the winter season, the Royal Variety Show, had a bigger success than ever this year. The King and Queen took Princess Margaret and the Duke of Edinburgh with them, and all the Royal party enjoyed the show, which yielded a record total of over £14,000 for the Variety Artists' Benevolent Fund. Mr. Val Parnell, who was largely responsible for organising the show, and Mrs. Parnell, gave a supper afterwards at the theatre for those who had taken parties, and later went on with Mr. Danny Kaye to the party given for him by the U.S. Ambassador and Mrs. Douglas at their Kensington home, where Princess Margaret and the Duke of Edinburgh were also guests.

THAT magnificent modern theatre, the People's Palace, was packed when the King and Queen, accompanied by Princess Margaret, went down there to see Roy Limbert's Malvern company appearing in Bernard Shaw's play *In Good King Charles's Golden Days*. The Royal visitors came in the main entrance and walked slowly down the centre gangway of the stalls amid a cheering audience, and then went up to their box. The Queen, looking charming wearing a short fox coat over a salmon-pink dress with a feather-trimmed hat to match, stopped at the end of the stalls, turned round with one of her radiant smiles and waved to the audience, who were delighted at this spontaneous gesture.

The theatre has a fine stage, and the production and acting of the play were excellent; the cast included such fine actors as Ernest Thesiger, who played the part of King Charles II, and Maitland Moss, as the studious Isaac Newton. Before the curtain went up I went down to the theatre restaurant and saw the exhibition of paintings by Ernest Thesiger which were adorning the walls. These included some charming flower pictures and some enchanting corners of London and other cities, including a delightful picture of a wistaria-covered house in Edwardes Square. I was impressed to find a good restaurant attached to the theatre, where snacks were being served to many members of the audience who had come straight on from work. This would be a welcome innovation in more of our West End theatres.

ANOTHER evening the Duke of Edinburgh attended the première of the film *Bonnie Prince Charlie* at the Empire Theatre. This was given in aid of the King George's Fund for Sailors, which must benefit considerably by the proceeds, as the house was packed out.

Mr. Anthony Eden was among the audience; others I noticed in the very dimly-lit theatre were Sir Egerton and Lady Hamond-Graeme with Sir Henry and Lady Price, Miss Sharman Douglas with a party of young friends, Mrs. Kenneth Hunter, Lady Cohen and Mrs. A. V. Alexander.

THE Iranian Ambassador and Mme. Rais received the guests in the large ballroom of the Iranian Embassy in Prince's Gate for the reception they gave to celebrate the anniversary of the birthday of His Imperial Majesty Mohammed Reza Shah Pahlavi, who made many friends in this country during his visit last summer. Mme. Rais looked very attractive in black with a string of pearls entwined in her hair. There were members of both Houses of Parliament at the party and many members of the Corps Diplomatique. The Lord Chancellor was there greeting many friends, and so were the Brazilian Ambassador and Dona Moniz de Aragao, the Chinese Ambassador with Mme. Cheng and their daughter,

the Argentine Ambassador, and Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Jones, of the American Embassy, who told me they were just off to Paris. Mr. Alfred Escher, of the Swiss Legation, was chatting to his hostess, and near by were Mme. Gulbenkian talking to Mrs. Marcus Cheke, and Sir Lancelot and Lady Oliphant with a group of friends.

Others enjoying this excellent party included Sir Geoffrey and Lady Shakespeare, Sir George and Lady Franckenstein, Mrs. Pilcher and General and Mrs. Pollock.

IN their lovely home in Prince's Gate, Sir Alfred and Lady Suenson-Taylor gave a delightful cocktail party. They received the guests in the fine double drawing-room on the first floor, Lady Suenson-Taylor wearing a green satin dress and lovely pearls. This is a house full of beautiful decoration, and guests were admiring, for example, the exquisite Lalique glass lamps and chandeliers, hanging in the drawing-room.

At this enjoyable party were Lady Simon with Lady Ebbisham, who told me her daughter Janet had just returned from a visit to Vienna, where she had been on business for the Save the Children Fund. Sir Frank Newnes told me he had recently sold his house next door in Prince's Gate; he was chatting to the host's brother, Mr. Charles Taylor, Member of Parliament for Eastbourne; Mrs. Charles Taylor was not able to accompany her husband, as she had just had an operation for sinus trouble.

MRS. ATTLEE, with her friendly charm, was greeting a relay of friends and was answering enquiries about her little granddaughter, who, she said, was to be christened in the middle of this month. Mr. Edward Christie Miller and his very attractive wife were talking to Moira Lister, who is shortly going to America. Mrs. Pilcher was accompanied by her daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Graham Lampson, who is now living near Coventry, where her husband, Lord Killearn's son and heir, is working, and Vicomte d'Orthez, who told me he had been away in France for two months, was talking to his host's attractive niece, Miss Jane Taylor. Near by I met Mrs. Brian Thursby-Pelham, who said she and her husband had spent a most enjoyable time in Switzerland this summer. Mrs. Thursby-Pelham was accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. Peter Trevelyan-Thomson, who is one of the fortunate young marrieds with a nice house in London. I met Lady Maclean and also Mme. Phang, who told me she had good news of her daughter, who is now in New Delhi.

Two other guests were Lord and Lady Mountevans, who said that after ten weeks in Norway and a wonderful trip earlier in the year to South Africa, they are now settled in their Cadogan Square house.

I HEAR news from Malta that the quarter-deck of H.M.S. Vanguard was decorated with flags when Capt. F. R. Parham and officers entertained over 400 guests at an "At Home."

The two banners bearing the initials "E.P.," which were presented to the ship by H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth on the occasion of her wedding, were much admired. Among those who attended were His Excellency the Governor and Lady Douglas, Admiral Sir Arthur and Lady Power, Vice-Admiral Sir Thomas and Lady Troubridge, Vice-Admiral and Mrs. M. M. Denny, and Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Symonds-Taylor.

This was the first appearance of Rear-Admiral Earl Mountbatten with Countess Mountbatten and Lady Pamela Mountbatten, who had recently arrived in Malta. Others there were Rear-Admiral and Mrs. G. P. Clarke, Rear-Admiral and Mrs. A. G. Norman, Surg. Rear-Admiral and Mrs. O. D. Brownfield, Air Vice-Marshal and Mrs. C. R. Steele, Lady Phillips, His Honour Sir David and Lady Campbell, Mrs. J. Oram, Mrs. R. Shaw, Dr. and Mrs. P. Boffa, Brig. J. H. G. Wills, Cdre. A. G. V. Hubback, Brig. and Mrs. J. B. McCance, and Col. and Mrs. Roger Strickland.

WE recently published a photograph of Mrs. George Ramsay in which she was described as Mrs. George Crowder. Our sincerest apologies to both ladies for the inconvenience this caused them.



The Iranian Ambassador and his wife, M. and Mme Mohsen Rais, receive Major-Gen. Sir Frederick Sykes, the aviation pioneer

Reception at the Iranian Embassy



Mrs. C. Hutchinson with Mr. and Mrs. K. W. Prescott. The reception was in honour of the Shah's birthday



Miss P. Nasser and Mr. M. Nasser, Iranian subjects in London, with Col. G. W. Pybus



Sir William Fraser, Chairman of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Co., and Lady Fraser

HUNTING NOTES

THE Whaddon Chase opened their season from Creslow Manor, where Mr. and Mrs. Gee entertained a field of nearly a hundred mounted followers, to say nothing of the footsloggers. A fox, found in Jubilee, gave a short hunt before being lost on the outskirts of Whitechurch village. Later, hounds were taken to Christmas Gorse, where they quickly killed. A second fox went away and provided a short but enjoyable hunt by running nearly to Granborough, and then swinging left-handed before being run to ground near the Master's home, Maynes Hill.

MRS. H. T. MORTON continues as Master of the Old Berkeley (West) Foxhounds, who have a grand pack of hounds in kennel at Kimblewick. At their recent puppy show, when the new entry was judged by Col. G. R. D. Shaw (Joint-Master of the North Norfolk Harriers) and Will Pope (Huntsman of the Grafton), ten couples of young hounds were shown, the bitches being particularly excellent, notably Planet (walked by Mrs. Nelson) and Trifle (walked by Mrs. Miller). Mrs. Miller also walked the winning doghound, Gamester, a fine stamp of hound.

Frank Woodward is again hunting this pack, who have some grand country in the Aylesbury Vale and a very sporting following.



BEFORE these lines are in print, the Warwickshire's opening meet of the regular season will have taken place. During the cub-hunting season, these hounds have been out on twenty-seven mornings, and killed fifteen brace of foxes. Foxes seemed plentiful, earth-stopping was attended to, and the young hounds were entering satisfactorily. The last meet of this preliminary season was at Oakley Wood, when a large field assembled at the covert side.

ALL the Beaufort supporters of last season are coming out regularly now to hunt, including "Babe" on his old friend, Hugh on his enormous horse, and we are delighted to see Canon Jack on a big horse again. Gerald as usual gives us a lead always. We hear that Pinkney Park has been bought and that Dauntsey Park is for sale; also that the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk have taken Willersley for the winter. The hunt ball at Badminton, on November 26th, is to be held on exactly the same lines as last year.

THE Grove Hounds, whose country extends into Yorks, Notts and Derbyshire and whose kennels are at Barnby Moor, near Retford, have a long history, and for a considerable period were associated with the famous fox-hunting Fitzwilliam family.

Major W. R. E. A. Uthwatt-Bouverie, who has become Master of the Grove this season and who is also Master of the Bucks Otterhounds, has Bob Kemp to hunt hounds, and a good season is expected.

THE Trinity Foot Beagles, of Cambridge University, whose young entry did well at Peterborough, winning two firsts and two seconds, have had a most successful start to the season, under the Mastership of Mr. J. J. Kirkpatrick, Trinity College. They have been out on seven days and been successful in killing their hare on all but one of these. The best day so far recorded was on October 26th, when they met at Swaffham Prior Station, and after a hunt of two hours and forty minutes, with the scent really good, hounds ran into their hare close to the railway station late in the afternoon.

THE Easton Harriers, who hunt over a sporting country in the Framlingham, Woodbridge and Wickham Market area of East Suffolk, have built up a capital pack of stud-book hounds since the war and have introduced High Peak and Dunston blood. Capt. the Hon. C. B. A. Bernard continues as Master and Huntsman and Ernie Nunn, who was for thirty-five seasons with the Essex and Suffolk pack, remains as kennel huntsman and whipper-in, and has hounds in capital condition. There is a very nice young entry at the Easton kennels and a grand litter of whelps.



Among the spectators at this popular Midlands event were Lord Hesketh, the second baron, Mr. and Mrs. Sacheverell Sitwell, who live at nearby Weston Hall, the Marchioness of Northampton, and Mrs. Arthur Doble, mother of Mrs. Sitwell

The Towcester Autumn Meeting



Col. H. Bury and Miss C. Bury with Lord Cromwell, who came over from Rugby



The Hon. Mrs. Shaw Preston, whose husband is Viscount Gormanston's uncle, with Mr. W. Fox



Mrs. A. Montgomerie-Charrington with Mr. and Mrs. Tom Hazlerigg, all very keen racegoers, were there



Lt.-Col. F. Douglas-Pennant, another Towcester resident, with Major and Mrs. G. Rodwell



Lt.-Col. A. J. S. Fetherstonhaugh with Mrs. John Donaldson-Hudson (Jane Carr, the actress)



Lady Isabel Guinness, sister of the Duke of Rutland, with Sir Archibald Hope, Bt., and Lady Hope

Swabe

The Mendip Farmers' Hunt Ball at Bath



One party in the Pump Rooms consisted of Mrs. David Smith, Dr. Walter Wooley, Mrs. Lillias Simmen, Mr. and Mrs. George Daves, Mr. and Mrs. Eric Tanner, Mr. David Smith and Mrs. Walter Wooley



Mrs. G. W. Hodgkinson, who organised the ball with admirable efficiency, talking to Mr. Hodgkinson during an interval



Capt. Whiting, of the North Somerset Yeomanry, with Mrs. Whiting



Miss J. Leggatt discussing the evening's events with Mr. Michael Gimlett



Mr. and Mrs. Luxmoore-Ball, Miss M. Robinson and Capt. M. Fraser were also numbered among the guests



Major B. O. Allen, the Gloucestershire cricket captain, with Col. T. F. Hood and Mr. Wilkinson-Reynolds



Col. and Mrs. P. D. J. Gueterbock were two others who enjoyed this sociable evening



Miss Inga Lindborg, a Scandinavian visitor, with Mr. Christopher Thomas



Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Allen take the floor for one of the dances



An unusual view of the ballroom from the band corner, with Gerald conducting

Swabe



Mrs. R. Dean, Miss Fiona Anderson, Mrs. G. Hickman, Mrs. and Mr. John Hacking, Mrs. D. Baruck, Mr. C. Hickman, Mrs. Boyd Brent and Mr. L. J. Lindell. Centre foreground: Mrs. Christopher Soames



THE TATLER
and Bystander
NOVEMBER 17, 1948

Mr. W. N. Thomas, Miss Jennifer Clive Hughes, Mrs. Clive Hughes, Mr. Pat Mills, Mrs. Terry Preston, Mrs. Pat Mills, Mr. Terry Preston and Mr. C. H. Clive Hughes. The ball was held at the Hoskins Hotel, Oxted



Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Dorman take refreshment during the extensive programme of dances

The Mid-Surrey Farmers Hold Their Hunt Ball



Mr. David Corrigan, Mrs. David Corrigan and Mr. Robert Neill were three more of the guests at this very enjoyable function



Mr. George Maddison, the Hon. Mrs. Kindersley, the Hon. Philip Kindersley (Master), and Mr. Guy Hanscomb (Hon. Sec.)



Mrs. Gale Pedrick and Mr. Gale Pedrick, the writer and broadcaster, talking to Miss Pauline Pattison



At another table were Mr. Robert Stephenson-Clarke, Miss Nidia Bickersteth-Wheeler, Mr. A. Salisbury and Miss Carina Bell



Miss Christiane Floor, daughter of Major and Mrs. Floor, was with Mr. Richard Johnsen



Major-Gen. R. K. Hewer with Mrs. K. Collier, Mrs. J. Brazier and Mrs. J. W. King



Mr. Kenneth King, Miss Dinah Courtney and Mr. David Corrigan have five minutes at the bar



A Twenty-First in Malta, G.C. At the Marsa Club recently, Lt. Norman Armstrong, R.N., gave a party to celebrate his wife's twenty-first birthday. The group includes Mrs. Marion Tabone (left), Mrs. Angela H. Anderton, Lt. and Mrs. Armstrong, Mr. Joe Tabone and Mr. Greville Anderton, Director of the British Council. The club is decorated with the crests of H.M. ships which have been stationed at Malta, an unique and fascinating collection

Priseilla

in Paris

The Nightmare That Misfired

THE galas, the official entertainments, the luncheon, dinner and supper parties that are given in honour of the U.N. jamboree are keeping the socialite writers busy, to say nothing of the nurses of the Palais de Chaillot infirmary, where the amount of bicarbonate of soda consumed by sufferers would suffice a film studio for a snow scene in summer.

It was a pity that the gala performance given at the Grand Opera House on the return of the *corps de ballet* from its U.S. tour clashed with the first night of the Jean-Louis Barrault-Madeleine Renaud season at Marigny. Both functions were brilliant, though Marigny may have surpassed the Opera in the matter of lovely women, gorgeous frocks and celebrities of the arts and letters. The diplomatic and political world was at the Opera, where tails, uniforms and discreet *décolletés* were the order of the evening, King Fayçal and Princess Aga Khan being the high-spots of magnificence against the more sombre background of U.N. representatives, amongst which even M. Vishinsky, wearing a dinner-jacket, passed almost unnoticed, despite the charming smile with which he greeted Mr. Hector MacNeil.

WHICH reminds me that a small job of work connected with my old ambulance unit let me in for a long wait at one of the more highly-coloured—politically—suburbs one evening recently. The louder rantings of what we call *un mélingue* came to us through an unlatched window. " 'Tis now the very witchin'-(sky) time of night; when churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out contagion to this world." Enough. We collected our patient, a courageous youth who had spoken out of turn, and departed for saner climes.

"Etat de Siege" ("Martial Law"), by Camus, a play inspired in the dramatist by his own grim, austere, yet best-selling novel *La Peste*, with which Jean-Louis Barrault has opened his season at the Marigny Theatre, has been described by one critic as a nightmare. I beg to disagree. It is hardly more than an untidy dream that does not move us as an honest-to-goodness nightmare might have done. *La Peste* ("The Plague") descends upon a European city in the person of a grey-green-clad Dictator. His blonde secretary (Madeleine Renaud), chief of personnel, also in verdigris, is Death. He and his retinue bring with them all the horrors, ranging from petty tyranny to gross brutality, with which occupied cities have been—and are—familiar. A spineless Governor goes into voluntary retirement, and the usurper reigns with cynical amusement until the oppressed People overcome their terror and rise in revolt. The plague is swept away. The Governor returns. Neither wiser nor happier, the People go back to their old way of living.

It is a cruel, because destructive, play, and Barrault has overstaged the production. The crowds are too well drilled. The noises "on" and "off" are too overwhelming, and individual acting suffers, but Pierre Brasseur gives a brilliant performance.

THE incidental music is by Arthur Honegger, who turned up at the dress rehearsal in a velvet coat and gay, tomato-coloured shirt. His taste in dress has always been eclectic. I remember meeting him at an extremely conservative dinner-party wearing a leather jacket and appearing quite unabashed. This was about the time he composed *Pacific 231*. He dressed for the round house, not the

drawing-room, for, as he said at the time: "I like locomotives!"

Paris is thinking of sending a round robin to Maurice Chevalier asking him to sing more of the old songs that made his immense and deserved success, as well as the more recent ones he composes himself, and to talk and write a little less. Nevertheless, the pleasant "few words" with which he presented Gracie Fields to the audience on her one and only (alas!) appearance at the Club des Champs-Élysées this week were listened to with delight, and "our Gracie," wearing a charming all-British frock, had a roaring reception.

THIS morning's Press comes out with the gay news that, thanks to the coal strike, electric heating may no longer be used. My happy home is run completely by electricity, bath water and all. Well, well, every cloud has a silver lining. Given the recently increased cost per kilowatt, we were wondering how we were going to pay our bills. Now we shall have no bills to pay! *C'est toujours ça!* Life seems to be an affair of mournful numbers, to say but little of empty dreams; but we do try to keep our sense of humour!

Voilà!

● Untrained maid who has kept the visitor waiting on the doorstep: "Madame says she's not at home."

Patient Visitor: "Thank you. Please tell her that I have not called!"



"... I don't want to be forward, but ..."



"... I am the only actor with no J. Arthur Rank contract"

LESLIE HENSON (OFF DUTY)

For the attention of his colleagues at a



Two more of the guests were Francis L. Sullivan, just returned from a visit to the U.S., and Adèle Dixon



Mr. Stephen Pollitzer, managing director of Leichner's, who gave the Savoy luncheon; Dame Irene Vanbrugh, and Mr. Harold Wilson, President of the Board of Trade



...y pocket!" (On his right, Googie Withers and Mr. J. Arthur Rank)

MAKES A FEW SUGGESTIONS

...theon for leading stage and film personalities



"... any offer will now be considered"



Margaret Leighton, Eric Portman (starring in Terence Rattigan's "Playbill" at the Phoenix), and Margareta Scott engage in serious discussion



"... that seems to have made an impression in the right quarter,"—and Hermione Gingold agrees

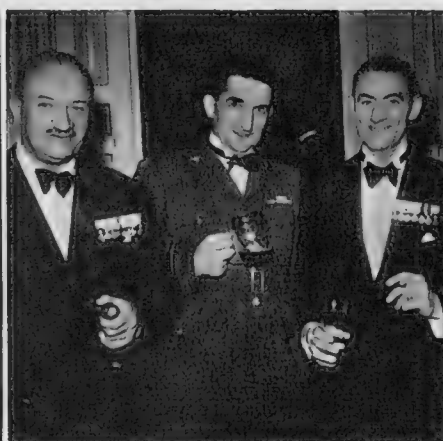


Air/Cdre. Waring, Air Vice-Marshal E. J. Kingston-McCloughry, Air Marshal Sir Leonard H. Slatter, Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief, Coastal Command, Gp. Capt. Paine and Air Vice-Marshal F. L. Hopps at the farewell dinner given to Sir Leonard Slatter in the Officers' Mess at Northwood, Middlesex

Coastal Command Says Good-bye to Its Chief



S/Ldr. Bannister, S/Ldr. Eaton, S/Ldr. Hatrick, Gp. Capt. Rugg, W/Cdr. Hardeman, S/Ldr. Eden and Gp. Capt. Horwood



Major Gates, Gp. Capt. Coffey and Mr. Walton, three more who were at the dinner



S/Ldr. Roberts, W/Cdr. Davies, Major Gates, W/Cdr. Taylor, W/Cdr. Pruddah and W/Cdr. Roberts



A group of high executive officers of Coastal Command with their departing chief: Air/Cdre. Waring, Air/Cdre. Reynolds, Air/Cdre. Chisman, Air/Cdre. Nicholls, Air Vice-Marshal D. V. Carnegie, Air Marshal Sir Leonard Slatter, Air Vice-Marshal Hopps, Air Vice-Marshal K. B. Lloyd and Air/Cdre. Jordan



"Candidates are measured beforehand . . . no doubt"

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Standing By ...

WHEN two of the nicest ghosts in London chuck in the sponge, one may gather the end of our frowsy Babylon approaches.

One (name unknown) used on foggy autumn midnights to hang round that lamp-post, outside No. 2 St. James's Square, of which the base is a French cannon taken by Admiral Boscawen off Cape Finisterre in 1747. Chaps who have seen him tell us he was a gentle old man dressed like a Liberal of the 1840's. When bumped into he politely removed his large curving topper and vanished, doubtless back to the Reform Club. Now he has gone for ever.

The other absentee is the eminent Mr. Buckstone of the Haymarket Theatre, who used to glide smilingly through backstage passages and walls with mid-Victorian grace, upsetting nobody. The late Norman O'Neill, musical director of the Haymarket, who wrote the enchanting *Blue Bird* and *Mary Rose* music, told us that Mr. Buckstone was never quite the same ghost since they destroyed the Pall Mall Restaurant next door, O'Neill's theory being that he used to like gliding into the Pall Mall cellars for a quick one and back again, just in time to applaud the curtain on Acts I, II, and III. He too, we gather, has now had enough.

Envoi

AND so, as the sombre and magnificent Bellocian ballade goes:

... the uncertain shadows flit,
Announcing to the shuddering air
A Darkening, and the end of it:
And Mrs. Roebuck will be there.

But a truce to brooding. How's your handicap? We don't mean golf, we mean your little brother with the two heads.

Lush

BY returning the late Kaiser's Garter robes and insignia to store the Dutch Government have doubtless cheered more than one humble candidate ("there's no damned nonsense of merit about the Garter"—Lord Melbourne) who could not possibly afford to buy these costly trappings, and had little hope of hiring them even from Moss Bros.

"Lush" is a mild word for the enormous blue velvet mantle with its heavy bullion tassels, the crimson doublet, the white trunk-hose, the blue riband, the jewelled garter and eight-pointed star, and the plumed black velvet hat "in which," as the creator of Zuleika Dobson's Duke of Dorset has explained, "a Knight of the Garter is entitled to take his walks abroad." To carry off all this splendour the wearer must be at least six feet high; a fact which probably explains the absence of tiny, stout little Garter knights waddling along in the rear of the procession, looking "awkward" and "out of it." Candidates are measured beforehand by the Lord Chamberlain's hirelings, no doubt.

You ask what happens when a Garter has to be bestowed—as so frequently occurred in

the Georgian and Victorian eras—on some smallish member of the Upper House whose feelings have been hurt, say, by having his toe stepped on by a Prime Minister. Our information is that these little ones have a ceremony of their own when the big boys have finished and the Press photographers have gone. Strutting along in their tiny mantles with pathetic dignity, they evoke cheers and tears from warmhearted female members of the Household. The pretty dears! Upsadaisy!

Sweetie

CHelsea's Glamour-Puss No. 1 is still Miss Elizabeth ("Gug") Siddal, better known as Rossetti's Blessed Damozel, as a gossip was recently implying apropos the Pre-Raphaelite Exhibition at the Tate. But to recommend La Siddal as a model to glamourpusses of 1948 seems rather absurd. She cleaned up her particular racket and has no imitators.

No modern charmer can do the Blessed Damozel's stuff, which consisted of being in a kind of mystic swoon or trance all day long. Natural dumbness and a great horror of saying anything unrefined helped Miss Siddal to achieve this condition. At Chelsea studio-parties today you occasionally perceive sweethearts who have been able to achieve a more complete immobility, like Wordsworth's girlfriend:

No motion has she now, no force;
She neither hears nor sees, (etc).

But this wears off in due course, and hell breaks loose again. With the Blessed Damozel a semi-coma was permanent, and she imposed on the citizenry so dramatically that even when she appeared in Manchester during one of Rossetti's exhibitions, the locals did not murder her, as is the Manchester custom. No competition here, plainly.

Background

ONCE again a citizen has bobbed up crying pitifully that the Horse Guards sentries should be put back into scarlet ("a sorely-needed touch of colour and pageantry in the drabness of present-day Whitehall"), and once more we meditate sympathetically on the background of citizens who raise such cries.

Colour-starvation, so frequent with the Race, may be said to begin, like charity, hilarity, and vulgarity, at home. Up to the Industrial Revolution there was plenty of colour in Island life. By the end of the Victorian Era ugliness had conquered so thoroughly that the only touch of colour in the Island home was afforded by the Island pan—red, white, and (in winter) blue, a combination at once gay and patriotic. Today these pleasing colours have themselves been replaced by a wan uniform tint of greyish-yellow.

You pipe up and allege that women supply lashings of violent colour at this moment by painting and enamelling their pans like Turner sunsets. We suggest that such women are

never found in the homes of citizens who howl to the papers about scarlet for the Guards, since such citizens invariably marry women who shop at the Army & Navy Stores.

This is a profound sociological truth, and we leave you with it.

Racket

A CITIZEN recently in trouble—innocently, as it happened—owing to the unexpected apparition of a big scowling stranger demanding what that so-and-so so-and-so was doing with his wife might like to know the historic name of this racket. In Elizabethan London it was called the Sacking Law.

Quite a few more metropolitan rackets listed by jolly Master Dekker in *The Gulls' Hornbooke* flourish today, substituting (e.g.) phony shares for clogged dice and cars for horses. One advantage of running a racket in Dekker's London, however, was that although the town swarmed with spies and narks and informers attached to Cecil's Gestapo, there was no discrimination against big-business-on-a-small-scale, as today. Furthermore, if a small-time Elizabethan racketeer found himself in a tough spot he could always proclaim himself the Messiah, a profitable line until you were hanged.

Saps of today should be interested in one minute particular differentiating them from their forbears. The Elizabethan gull (or coney) always thought he was going to get something for nothing, whereas the modern sucker knows he is.

BRIGGS—by Graham



"... and don't speak to me like that—you're not upstairs now, you know..."



Clapperton, Selkirk

The Duke of Buccleuch's Hunt waiting while hounds draw whins at the famous horseshoe bend of the Tweed near St. Boswell's, during a meet at Bemersyde, home of Earl Haig. This prospect over the Tweed Valley is reputed to have been Sir Walter Scott's favourite view

Sabretache

Pictures in the Fire



"This skull . . . is being sent to Oxford"

THE discovery on Rusinga Island, in Lake Victoria Nyanza, of an almost complete skull of a Miocene ape of (I quote) "the species Proconsul," quite apart from its palaeontological importance, is bound to resurrect protests made at various times against the use of this word in connection with a monkey, no matter how distinguished he may have been, or even considered himself to be, by reason of the near-human features which he possessed. The ordinary monkey did not acquire them until many millions of years after, "Proconsul's" date being, in round figures, 20,000,000 years ago. Not so long ago, comparatively speaking, the word "Proconsul" used in juxtaposition to the word "ape," might have been actionable, even if nothing was said about "prancing," or "the side-whiskers of the under-gardener."

Why can't these scientific shovellers find some other name? There are plenty of modern ones which would do quite as well, and might even be more apposite. If I were not so afraid of that word that has "L" at each end of it, I could reel you off a whole string of them. This skull, I observe, is being sent to Oxford, so perhaps some of the Alumni of Balliol will make a point of looking it over in either hope or trepidation.

NEWMARKET said good-bye to us for the 1948 season in an off-hand, "see you later" kind of way. Some people, at any rate, have good reason to be thankful to her, for if the 25 to 1 chance Sterope had not got up in the Cambridgeshire, at the very last moment, and beaten Royal Tara, the gentlemen with the satchels might have been hit clean out of the ground, for he was held in so many doubles with Woodburn, the Cesarewitch hero. It is good to learn that Mr. J. B. Townley, Sterope's owner, had a very good race, but not quite so good to hear that his colours will not be seen out again. He is to devote himself to breeding bloodstock for other people to race. Who is to

say that he is wrong? It is a far less nerve-racking pursuit and often much more profitable.

However, perhaps, if he does get something that looks super, he may be tempted to reverse his decision and enter it for a classic run, at that distant time when vetoes and tight belts may be just ugly memories. Congratulations and good luck, whichever way it is! The objection against Sterope for boring was adjudged frivolous, and the penalty was the customary one.

It was a sad story where the Jockey Club Cup was concerned, and an even sadder reflection: a walk-over for such a prize is not an encouraging spectacle.

THE one bright spot on the second day was Royal Forest's quite bloodless victory in the seven-furlongs Dewhurst. People seem to have quite forgotten what he had done to them last time out (25 to 1 on, in that Clarence House Stakes at Ascot, and beaten half-a-length by Burpham, who could not stretch his girths in the Dewhurst). After that Ascot race, and the things they said, you would imagine that next time they saw him they would have Bren-gunned him! It is usually like that when a favourite gets beaten.

Let us hope that his dam has not introduced any Mulum in Parvo blood. You may recall that this was the name of Mr. Soapey Sponge's steed, who had his going days? Major Macdonald-Buchanan owns a very nice-looker, but the Dewhurst has never been as good a passport as the Champagne and Middle Park coupled, and the other Beckhampton colt, Abernant (in the same ownership), will retire into winter quarters the 1949 Derby favourite. What a fistful of trumps Noel Murless seems to have, for there is also His Majesty's Berrylands, who made a lot of friends when he won the six-furlongs Duke of Edinburgh Stakes at Ascot on October 8th, this coming on top of some other things—Salisbury, to wit.

Like Royal Forest, he is by Bois Roussel, and I prefer his mama, Snowberry (by Cameronian),

to Tudor Maid; but, maybe, I am prejudiced against these Tudors. Anyway, someone will have to produce something a bit extra to get to wind'ard of Beckhampton next season, unless all the omens are wrong. My quite personal predilection is His Majesty's colt.

ANOTHER bit of news from Australia, which I am sure will interest all the many friends in England of Captain Rex Smart, who has been training horses in that delectable land which was never wrongly described as "Horsetraylia." My friend writes like this about polo and racing:—

It was grand seeing that efforts have been made to start polo again at Roehampton. What a hero Lord Cowdray must be playing under those difficulties! [His Lordship lost an arm in the late war.—"S."] He appears to be the one man to get the old game going again. I was at Oxford with his father, and have many pleasant recollections of polo at Cowdray Park. We have our big mile race on Saturday, The Epsom. A little mare I bought at the sales for 110 guineas has been favourite for weeks. She is by an old horse, Speardale, with whom I won sixteen races. I bought her for a friend of mine. She has won eleven years. Only one mare has won this event during thirty-five years, and it is a rather trying time of the year for mares, but I think she may overcome the difficulty. Her name is De La Salle. Last week apparently her value was £6,000, a big price in these parts, and not a bad profit on £110.

There are some promising three-year-olds racing, the best for many years. Edgar Britt seems to be going to take the place of Gordon in future years, and it is almost fantastic how the Australians improve when they have English experience and learn to use the long rein. Most of the jockeys here are natural horsemen, but that short rein and crouching spoil their prospects. I expect the small courses are more or less responsible. I hope my sister-in-law, Mrs. Hastings, will have a good National Hunt season, and she could have no better man than Ivor Anthony to look after the doings.

R. C. Robertson-Glasgow's

Scoreboard



OXFORD UNIVERSITY have produced many notable full-backs at Rugby football, from H. B. Tristram onwards, and the New Zealander, A. Stewart, has already shown that he is in the tradition. He is of the quiet and undemonstrative sort, but armed at all points, being sure of hand, strong of tackle and long of kick.

Two years ago he played for Oxford at centre three-quarter, a position whence sprang two of the greatest full-backs that the game has known, V. G. J. Jenkins, of Oxford and Wales, and H. G. Owen Smith, of Oxford and England.

Jenkins was a kicker of great length and accuracy, and his strength enabled him to stop even the juggernauts among forwards as they crashed for the line.

And who that saw it will ever forget Owen Smith's game for Oxford v. Cambridge at Twickenham in 1933? He piled miracle upon miracle, gathering a wet ball at full speed on the half-volley and tackling like six men. Some dozen years earlier, Hector Forsayth astonished the spectators at Oxford and Edinburgh with his stupendous touch-finding. The Scottish selectors, ever adepts at genealogy, soon found that Forsayth was descended from ancestors North of the Tweed.

GAMES, like nations, tend towards progressive emasculation, and whenever I chance to watch a match of professional Association football, I half-expect to see a player, after heading the ball, pull out a comb and

readjust his coiffure. Fun, which was the original purpose of the game, has gone for ever. Nothing is now left except science. Barging, the fair shoulder-charge, has disappeared. If I were able to paint a symbolic picture of the game, it would show 22 marionettes, with shorts and unsmiling faces, manipulated by a vast figure of Mammon with City-gent's trousers and five chins. Around them would be thousands of white faces under cloth caps, all shooting at the referee from distorted mouths. Picasso should try something of this kind.

THE late Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University, Dr. W. T. S. Stallybrass, will be remembered with gratitude and delight by many an Oxford cricketer. For many years "Sonners" was Honorary Treasurer to the University Cricket Club. "And no treasurer," he would say, "more honorary than I, for the assets are invisible."

At golf, he was a memorable and ingenious rather than a distinguished player. I played with him sometimes in strange Sunday rounds at Tadmorton Heath, Banbury. He disbelieved in the all-air route to the hole. "Why top your shot with a mashie," was his creed, "when you can get the same result with a putter?" And he would bang away from all distances till his putter was red-hot. On the greens he was apt to be dilatory and meditative, possibly to allow the putter to cool off.

Between the Wars, till his eyesight declined, "Sonners" used to take the Oxford

University Authentics on their cricket tour of the North. We used to touch at Newcastle, where C. F. Stanger-Leathes was apt to hit us about lustily and Hetherington (W.) bowled with almost improper accuracy. Thence, to Edinburgh, to play the Grange. It was here that the first ball of the match, bowled by me, was struck for six, clean off the middle stump to over the square-leg boundary, by Leslie Balfour-Melville, who, thirty-one years earlier, had been runner-up in the Amateur Golf Championship. Onwards from Edinburgh to Glendelvine, Perthshire, the home of the Lyle family.

ALL this sort of thing "Sonners" did supremely well. He was a master of oratory on all its levels, and was probably without peer at that which ripens between midnight and 4 a.m. As an academic lawyer and law-tutor he had genius, and he could invest the driest legal knots with the rich clothing of social conversation.

No man was more loyal to his friends and to his College, Brasenose. As Principal, during the years of the Second World War, he sent out the whole College, soul and gossip, by letter to Brasenose men all over the earth. When he was appointed Vice-Chancellor, some thought that he would prove too parochial, too intimate for the office. They were wrong. He took it in one easy stride. His work was unfinished. As will be his memory among those who lived and laughed in his company.



D. R. Stuart

The Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society and Oxford University teams at Southfields, Wimbledon, during the two-day meeting when the Society won by nineteen matches to twelve, with four games halved. Back row: C. B. Mitchell (Society), T. E. D. Harker, R. D. Forbes Watson. Fourth row: M. G. Scott, A. F. Macdonald, R. H. Crawford (S.), P. B. Gracey (S.), R. Hedley Miller, P. Peel Yates, R. Holderness. Third row: F. H. Tate (S.), R. V. Bardsley, J. J. F. Pennink (S.), A. D. Cave (S.), J. C. Laurie (S.), A. A. Duncan (S.), P. Gardiner-Hill, A. H. T. Crosthwaite (S.). Sitting: R. H. Oppenheimer (S.), A. G. B. Helm, J. P. Marston (S.), C. R. Tolley (S.), O. W. Lough (Oxford captain), Bernard Darwin (S.), J. W. Kitchen, G. H. Micklem (S.), E. G. Hurst. On ground: F. D. Tatum, P. V. Foster (S.), F. D. Physick (S.)



The Rev. Canon E. F. Edge-Partington, M.C., padre of the 10th (S.T.K.) Battn., Royal Fusiliers during World War I., with the portrait presented to him by the Battalion's Old Comrades Association at their recent reunion. With him is the artist, Mr. Oswald Birley, R.O.I., who was himself a "Dücher"—a member who joined the battalion in August 1914 and took the oath of allegiance in the moat of the Tower of London. The Rev. Canon Edge-Partington now holds a living near Lingfield, Surrey

Elizabeth Bowen's

Book Reviews

"Miss Josephine and the Colonel"

"The Washbournes of Otterley"

"A Second Book of Russian Verse"

"Green Shiver"

ORIEL MALET is a young writer who, while still in her teens, made a happy start, and who remains worth watching upon her way. Two novels—*Trust in the Springtime* and *My Bird Sings*—were followed by *Marjory Fleming*, biography of "Pet Marjory," that Scottish genius-child.

Youth, whether childhood or adolescence, is pre-eminently Miss Malet's domain: she writes from the heart of it. Therefore, a sort of fairy-tale quality in her stories does not seem either fabricated or forced—she paints life as a child sees it, radiantly lit but also forked across by shadows which are in a queer proportion to the objects by which they may or may not be cast.

"MISS JOSEPHINE AND THE COLONEL" (Faber and Faber; 9s. 6d.) is her new novel: it covers a wide range of scenery, happening and character, and shows a delightful development of her art. The story begins with earthquake in Valparaiso, takes in a stormy voyage to Europe, pauses in Cardiff, pauses again in Paris, has an idyllic interlude in a French chateau set deep in the Forest of Arde-lais, and finishes up in Brighton. The time is late-Victorian. The central characters taper down in age from sixteen to nine—there are, of course, grown-ups, benevolent or otherwise; but we watch their behaviour, often enough inscrutable, from, as it were, the eye-level of the young.

Our interest is divided between two heroines. First, twelve-year-old Shandy, the originally rather prim little American girl with her well-brushed hair and her pretty frocks, who arrives with her parents from Philadelphia, feels Valparaiso ominous at sight, and has reason to: the earthquake comes that same night and Shandy, tragically, is orphaned. Second, we have Immaculata—who, at sixteen, takes command. That nymph-like young

creature in the white dress, whom Shandy has glimpsed through a lit-up window, is, a few hours later, to become a heroine of the ruins. Immaculata's parents perish, with Shandy's, in the collapse of the Valparaiso opera house: she and her two young brothers take Shandy into what remains of their home—that "Spanish house" across the street from the hotel which *had* looked, once, so comfortable, so secure.

THE earthquake, with its view of an angry, red moon seen through cracking buildings, is so described, from the point of view of Shandy, as to make one wonder whether Miss Malet did not herself live through that in a dream, or another life. Not less vivid are the days that follow, and the curiously calm behaviour of the children. "Ima" (for as such we are to know her) decides, at last, to take ship for Europe in search of a French aunt last heard of in Paris; and Shandy, by now inseparable from the Spanish family, goes too. The enterprise is at once harebrained and intrepid; but on shipboard, "the Spanish brats," originally dreaded by hardbitten Captain Edwards, win all hearts.

Mrs. Edwards, in whose stiffling neat Cardiff villa the little troupe lands up, takes a less rosy view. In Paris Ima draws a blank: she is glad, for her juniors' sake, to accept the haven offered her by a courteous and irreproachable middle-aged French gentleman, also met on the trip.

AT Les Rochers, the chateau in the forest, a whole fresh drama unfolds: the too-beautiful Ima is far from welcome, as neighbour, to the marriageable daughters of an English family nearby. The Arkwrights, living in inexpensive retirement in provincial France, have designs on M. de Saint Rocher's nephew Louis, a romantic and eligible young

man. Moreover, it is in the conservatory-schoolroom of the Arkwrights' villa that we at last—at very long last—meet the two characters who give their name to the novel. "Miss Josephine" and "The Colonel" are a pair of oil-painted portraits—the property, and constant romantic joy, of the Arkwrights' English governess Miss Pattick. "The Colonel" is said to have fallen in battle; "Miss Josephine" is said to have died of love.

Do I say too much when I hint this was not the case? Nothing, in Miss Malet's fascinating, meandering and occasionally almost dementing story, *does* turn out quite as one had foreseen. (I refuse to reveal what made everyone go to Brighton.)

Miss Josephine and the Colonel, I ought to warn you, breaks most of the laws of plot, is full of loose ends, and strains probability pretty hard. Throughout its pages, actuality and fantasy gaily intertwine. But then, recollect that—as I said at the start—this is a book with one foot in the fairy-tale country. As a piece of writing, it has the freshness of dew.

QUITE a different line in "escape" literature is represented by Humphrey Pakington's *The Washbournes of Otterley* (Chatto and Windus; 10s. 6d.). This is a mid-Victorian pastiche—one more of the type for which Mr. Pakington is becoming famous. The story opens in 1845, with Sir Thomas and Lady Washbourne, pillars of county society, in their prime, and closes, on a faintly autumnal note, in 1895—by which time an intimidatingly complicated number of Washbourne descendants (neither born nor thought of on that afternoon of the cricket match) have reached maturity.

Tom and Fanny, children of Sir Thomas, both, when it comes to marriage, sidetrack suitable *partis* and follow their hearts—Fanny with happy, Tom with dire results. Ironically, Tom is to find out that the lovely heiress urged

on him by his parents *could* have been the ideal woman in his life; whereas the rector's niece, for whom he endangers everything, is, though lovely and penniless, far from true. Fanny, on the other hand, having begun by compromising herself (in what we should regard even in these days as a most unqualified manner) with a penniless artist, makes good, patches up the quarrel with her parents during a chance meeting at the Great Exhibition, becomes the mother of fourteen handsome children, and lives to see her husband an R.A. and the eldest of her daughters a marchioness.

SOMETHING about *The Washbournes of Otterley* somewhat baffled me. This is the first book of Mr. Pakington's that I have read: I do see that there is something beguiling about his writing, and that he could be habit-forming. He tells a story adroitly, and never lets interest flag. At the same time, I cannot but feel that he caricatures his characters, from time to time lays on farce too heavily, and shows a certain deficiency in his tragic sense in dealing with what are, after all, sad scenes. I cannot quite see why he has written a mock-Victorian novel when there are so many real ones—what, exactly, does he propose to add to Anthony Trollope?

I take it that, in giving us this fiction-picture of a vanished Victorian world, his aim is to insert some criticism—social or emotional—of which the Victorians, in the heart of their own age, were incapable. Or, that he may wish to show—in the course of this panorama of fifty years—the ironical or revengeful work of time. (But, true-Victorian novels do often succeed in doing that, most efficiently.) One does not require to look at Sir Thomas and Lady Washbourne down the perspective of an entire century in order to perceive that he was a self-deceiving and self-important man, she a petty tyrant: any of the couple's brighter contemporaries could, I think, have noticed that for themselves.

However, take that or leave it: here we are with *The Washbournes of Otterley*—a four-square, readable novel full of bland English landscape, comfortable mansions and sharp-cut family dialogue. And, the changing Victorian-political scene reflects itself, very effectively, in the ups and downs of Sir Thomas's public life.

"A SECOND BOOK OF RUSSIAN VERSE" (Macmillan; 10s. 6d.) will be welcomed: it is a sequel to *A Book of Russian Verse*, which, published in 1943, enlarged the poetic experience of this country. Professor C. M. Bowra edited both volumes: to his discrimination and the extraordinary range of his knowledge of Russian literature we owe much. This second book introduces a number of poets not represented in the first; and, no less important, gives us more of the work of men, and women, who struck our imaginations in 1943.

Outstanding genius is the universal property of the world: we should be the poorer for ignoring the Russian voice. Most of us are acquainted with the great nineteenth-century Russian novels, in whose prose the presence of, sometimes, sombre poetic imagination, sometimes lyrical freshness is to be felt: now, Professor Bowra gives us the opportunity to taste poetry undiluted.

The Russian "Golden Age" coincided, more or less, with our Romantic Movement: both came in the early nineteenth century. A delight in Nature lay at the root of both. Skies, trees, bird-haunted waters, spring mornings and autumn evenings reflect themselves in the crystal-clearness of verses: particularly, the triumph of Russian spring, with its cracking ice and singing, free-flowing rivers, and the measureless silence of great spaces of land, give sometimes joy, sometimes majesty to the words. Much, too, was drawn from the wells of mysticism and folklore. In this *Second Book of Russian Verse*, we may add to our knowledge of Pushkin, Tyutchev, and Blok.

THEN, the next phase. "With the Revolution of 1917," says Professor Bowra, "many new forces were released in Russia and Russian poetry, and though at first the poets, eager to be in the vanguard of their art,

tried bold experiments and modernistic effects, it soon became clear to them that they must write not for a few cultivated people who shared their ideas, but for an entire nation eager to educate itself." Pasternak was an example of the new school. We have, from twentieth-century Russia, marching songs, war-time songs of love and nostalgia; and, again, lately, signs of a reversion to folklore. And sometimes, as from the poetess Anna Akhmatova, we have a heart-rending cry:—

Is our time worse than all the times that went before it,
Except that in the frenzy of its anxious grief
It touched the blackest of our sores and wished to cure it
But had no strength to bring relief?

There, in the West, Earth's sun still shines serene and steady,
And in its glow the roofs are glittering;
But here Death marks the houses with a cross already,
And calls the ravens on. Ravens are on the wing.

The translation of poetry is an art in itself: some fine examples, here, come from Professor Bowra; and Sir Cecil Kisch, Frances Cornford, J. S. Phillimore, V. de S. Pinto and Oliver Elton are amongst those who have helped him to keep the standard high.

"GREEN SHIVER," by Clyde B. Clason (Heinemann; 8s. 6d.), is an agreeable detective story, built up round jade-collecting. The scene is Californian, the plot is neat, several incidents are agreeably bizarre: Mr. Clason, evidently, knows almost as much about human nature as he knows about jade. I admit myself bored by one character—stage-Irishman Mr. Kerry O'Connor. "The Irish," Mr. O'Connor's friends keep repeating, "are a strange, fey race." Personally, I would have run Mr. O'Connor in for making false statements: he claimed he had seen a banshee. But banshees, as most of us know, are the reverse of good children: they are to be heard, not seen. . . . Apart from this, *Green Shiver* is, in its own department, a first-rate book.



Photograph by George Konig

Sister Helen Maud Rowe, of Camden Town, the State-registered nurse and midwife chosen to attend Princess Elizabeth on the birth of her baby. She has assisted Sir William Gilliat, the obstetrician, in his cases for many years. Sister Rowe was trained at King's College Hospital and took her midwifery course at Middlesex Hospital. Among the mothers she has nursed have been the Duchess of Kent and the Duchess of Norfolk.

THEY WERE MARRIED

The "Tatler's" Review



Croft — Conyngham

Lord Croft of Croft Castle, Kingsland, Herefordshire, son of the late Brig-Gen. Lord Croft, was married to Lady Antoinette Frederica Conyngham, only daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness Conyngham, of Slane Castle, Co. Meath, Eire, at St. Margaret's Church, Chipstead, Surrey



Stones — Duerr

Mr. James Donald McLaren Stones, son of the late Mr. Robert Stones and Mrs. Stones of Prestbury, Cheshire, was married to Miss Sybil Duerr, younger daughter of the late Mr. Alfred C. Duerr and Mrs. Duerr of Bramhall, Cheshire



Barrett — Carey Evans

Mr. Michael Barrett, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. W. Barrett, of Edinburgh, was married to Miss Margaret Lloyd Carey Evans, elder daughter of Lady Carey Evans, of Eisteddfa, Criccieth, and the late Sir Thomas Carey Evans



Sampson — Holmes

Lt. Gerald Edward Sampson, R.N., younger son of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Sampson, of Bodgara Mill, Liskeard, Cornwall, was married at St. Michael's, Chester Square, to Miss Betty Marguerite Holmes, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Holmes, of Park Copse, Dorking



Burbury — Riley Lord

Mr. F. H. Burbury, second son of the late Mr. T. R. D. Burbury, and of Mrs. Burbury, of Queen's Gardens, London, W.2, was married to Miss E. V. Riley Lord, second daughter of Capt. S. Riley Lord, D.L., and Mrs. Riley Lord, of Newbus Grange, Neasham, near Darlington



Coryndon — Wilson

Lt. Roger Coryndon, elder son of the late Sir Robert Coryndon, K.C.M.G., and of Lady Coryndon of Horsham, Sussex, was married to Miss Shirley Cameron Wilson, elder daughter of Dr. and Mrs. C. P. Wilson, of Much Hadham, Hertfordshire



Rutherford — Hounsell

Mr. J. A. McI. Rutherford, eldest son of Mr. C. R. Rutherford, of Aldeburgh, Suffolk, and the late Mrs. Rutherford, was married to Miss P. A. Hounsell, only daughter of Col. R. H. Hounsell, O.B.E., and Mrs. Hounsell, of St. Margaret's Bay, Dover, at St. Paul's Church, Dover



Rice — Heriot

Mr. Anthony Peter Rice, younger son of Major and Mrs. H. J. Rice, 229 H.W., C.C.G., B.A.O.R. 5, Germany, was married to Miss Patricia Winifred Heriot, elder daughter of Mr. Guy Heriot, Teluk Anson, Malaya and Tudor Lodge, Kingston, Lewes, Sussex, and the late Mrs. Guy Heriot, at the Church of St. John the Divine, Ipoh, Malaya



Gray-Mathewson — Tierney

Dr. John Gray-Mathewson, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Gray-Mathewson, of Chipperfield, Worth, Sussex, was married to Miss Jane Tierney, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Tierney, of Stone Court, Worth, Sussex, at St. James's, Spanish Place

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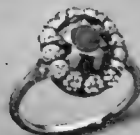
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Photographs by Eric Joysmith



Fashion Page by Winifred Lewis

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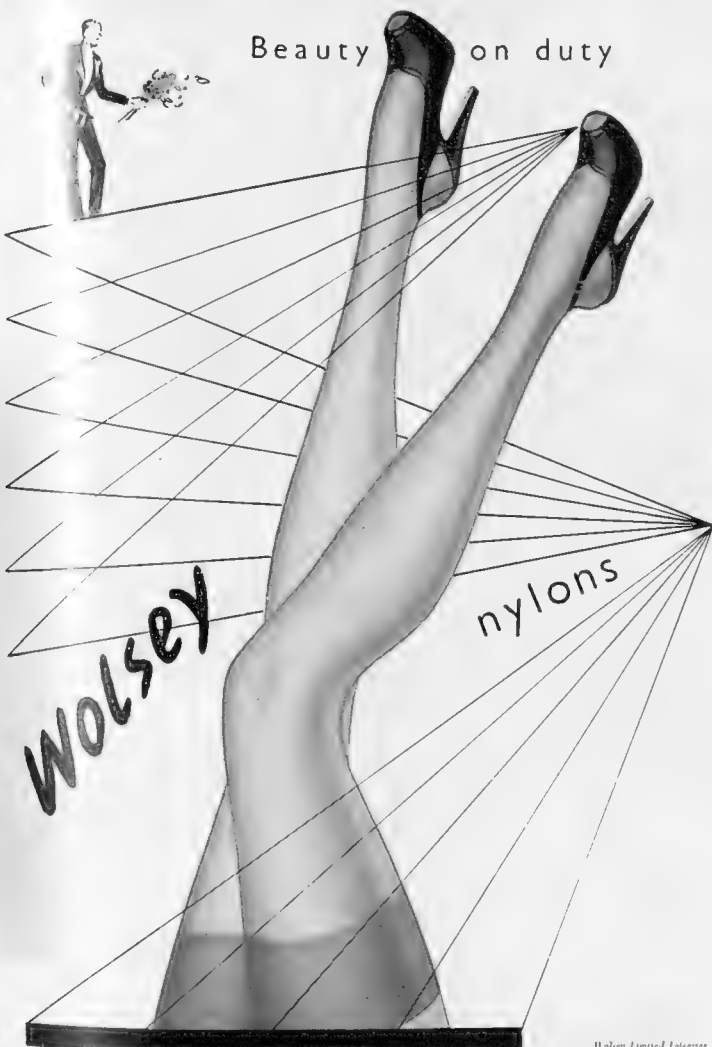
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The "Tatler's" Register of ENGAGEMENTS



Miss Pamela Yvonne Sewell, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Sewell, of Hillside House, Weeley, Essex, whose engagement is announced to Lt. Rhoderick Scott Falconer, R.N., second son of Mr. D. S. Falconer, F.R.C.S., and Mrs. Falconer, of Stanhope Road, Darlington, Co. Durham



Miss Lorna Clifton-Griffith, daughter of Mr. E. S. Clifton-Griffith, of Marlborough Court, Lancaster Gate, and of Mrs. E. S. Clifton-Griffith, of Redstone, Broadlands Road, Highgate, whose engagement is announced to Mr. Michael Christopher Bowyer, youngest son of Lt.-Cdr. John Bowyer, R.N., and Mrs. Bowyer, of Sloane Street, S.W.1



Miss Elizabeth Rosemary Bingham, elder daughter of the late Lt.-Col. the Hon. Denis Bingham, D.S.O., and of the Hon. Mrs. Bingham, of Beaufort Gardens, S.W.3, whose engagement is announced to Mr. Maxwell John Denham, of Elm Park Mansions, S.W.10, only son of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Denham, of Wembley Park, Middlesex



Miss Anne Margaret Denham, daughter of the late Sir Edward B. Denham, G.C.M.G., K.B.E., and of Lady Denham, of Little Hurst, Binfeld, Berks, whose engagement is announced to Mr. John Henry Crockatt, younger son of Brigadier and Mrs. Norman R. Crockatt, of Kingston House, Princes Gate, London, S.W.7



Miss Damali Kisasonkole, who is marrying H.H. Edward, Mutesa II, Kabaka of Buganda. She returned to Uganda in October from England, where she has been studying sociology and history. H.H. the Kabaka of Buganda is an Hon. Captain in the Grenadier Guards and for three years was at Magdalene College, Cambridge



Miss Anne E. Mackintosh, twin daughter of Colonel George Mackintosh, C.B., C.B.E., late the Seaforth Highlanders, and Mrs. Mackintosh of Balvraid, Tomin, Inverness-shire, whose engagement is announced to Mr. Robin Law, elder son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Robert Law, of Monckton, Ayrshire

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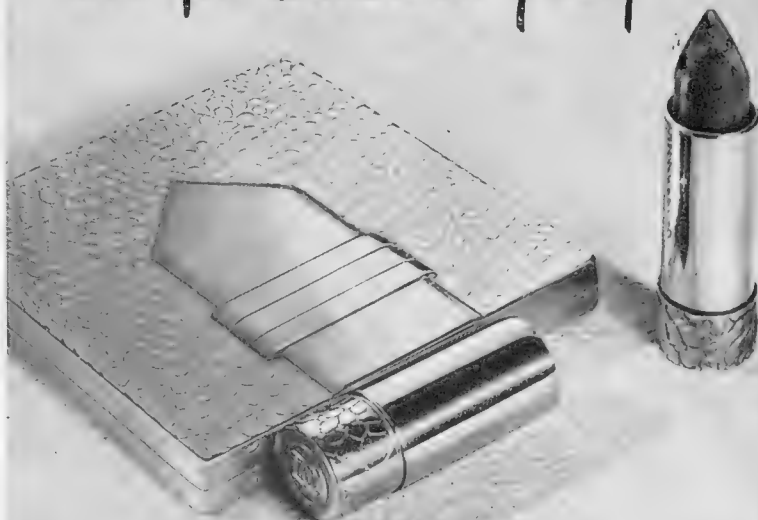
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RECORD OF THE WEEK

THERE is a dearth of baritone singers who can sing ballads with style. In July of this year a record of two ballads was issued made by Redvers Llewellyn, and this record was so good that obviously the gramophone company concerned have in Llewellyn an artist who fills a big gap in this particular type of work.

Redvers Llewellyn has already done a great deal for British opera. He began his career with the Carl Rosa Opera Company, having studied in Cardiff, London and Milan, and by his singing with the Sadler's Wells Opera Company has contributed much to that company's prestige. Not only does he know how to use his voice but he has a fine stage presence and can really act.

Now he sings "Even Bravest Heart" from *Faust*, and "Song Of The Toreador" from *Carmen* with the Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Warwick Braithwaite, giving a clear-cut, well-balanced, virile performance.

While Redvers Llewellyn has a voice admirably suited to operatic arias, I trust he will be given the opportunity of again showing how ably he can fill the niche for a first rate baritone singer of ballads, a niche which is not only vacant but in dire need of reoccupation (H.M.V.C. 3800.)

Robert Tredinnick

Admiral Sir Max Horton, Lord Buckhurst, son and heir of Earl De La Warr, Field Marshal Sir Claude Auchinleck, Lady Buckhurst and Marie Marchioness of Willingdon were guests at the Dockland Settlement Ball held recently at the Mansion House, at which the retiring Lord Mayor, Sir Frederick Wells, Bt., presided

The Dockland Settlement Dinner



Sir Noel Curtis-Bennett, Dockland Settlement vice-chairman, with Lady Curtis-Bennett.



Sir George Franckenstein, formerly Austrian Minister in London, and Lady Franckenstein



H.R.H. Princess Marie Louise, president of Dockland Settlement, with Sir Frederick Wells

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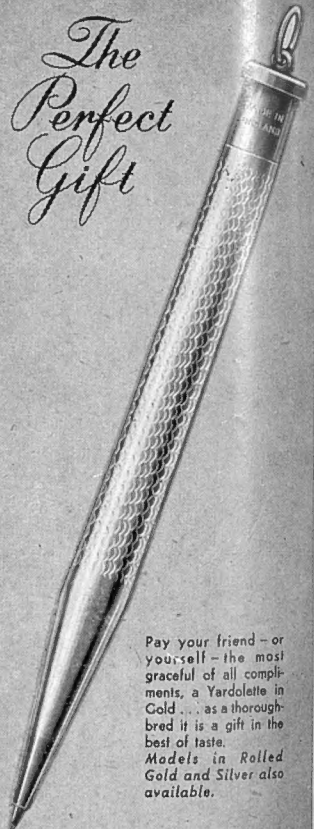


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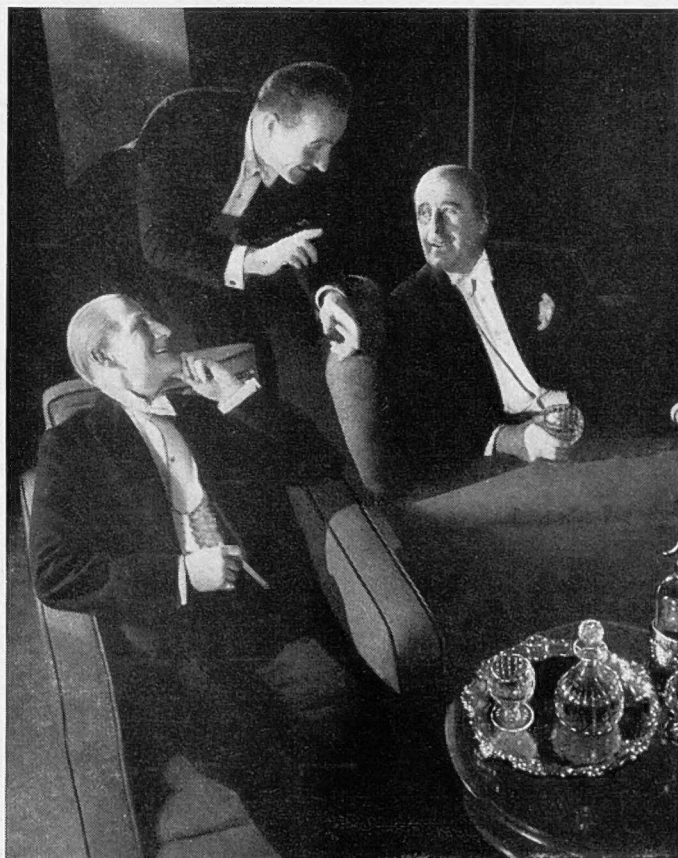
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